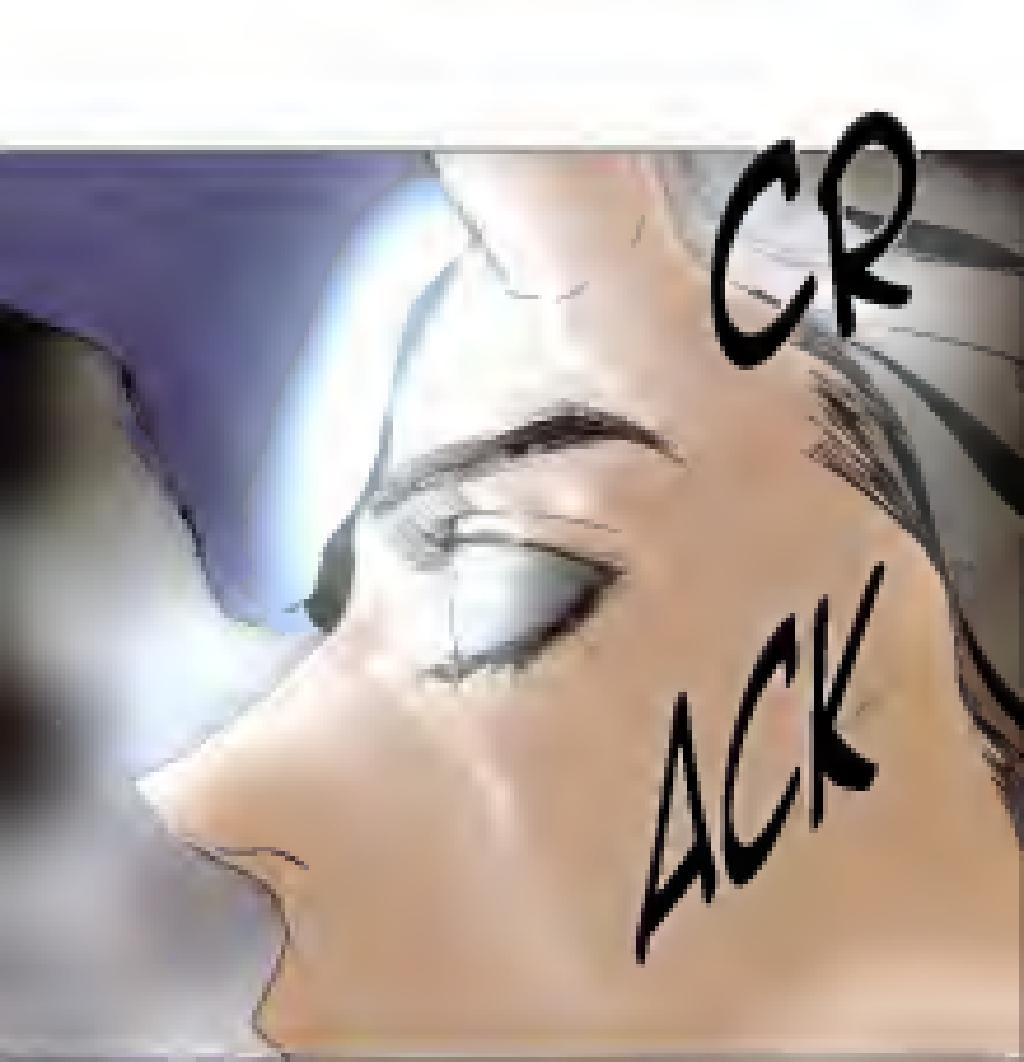




...
NOW GO
BACK...



CR

DCK

LESSA

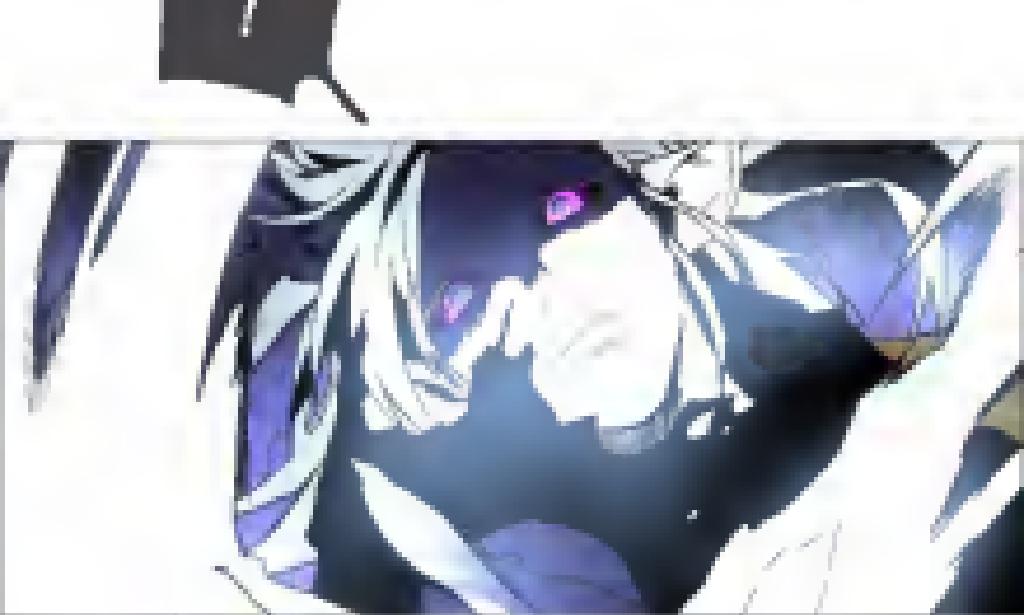
THE CRIMSON KNIGHT

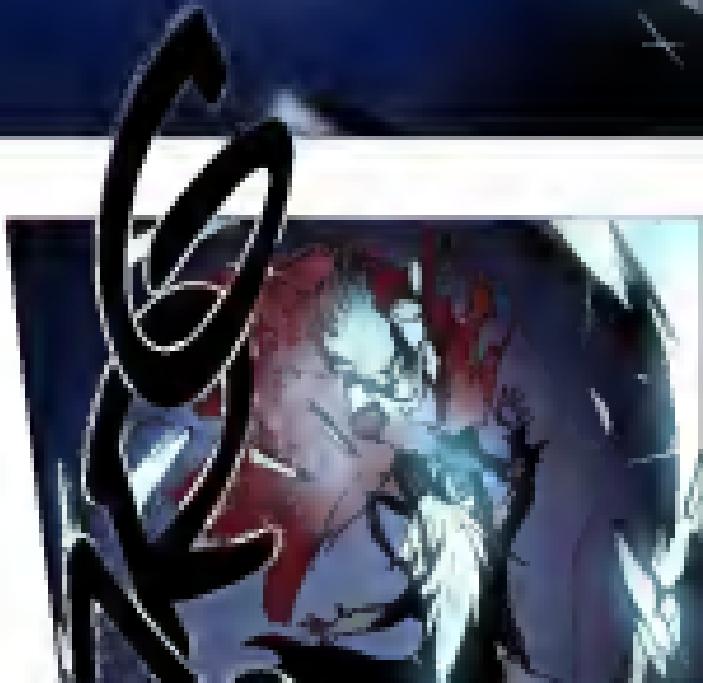
88

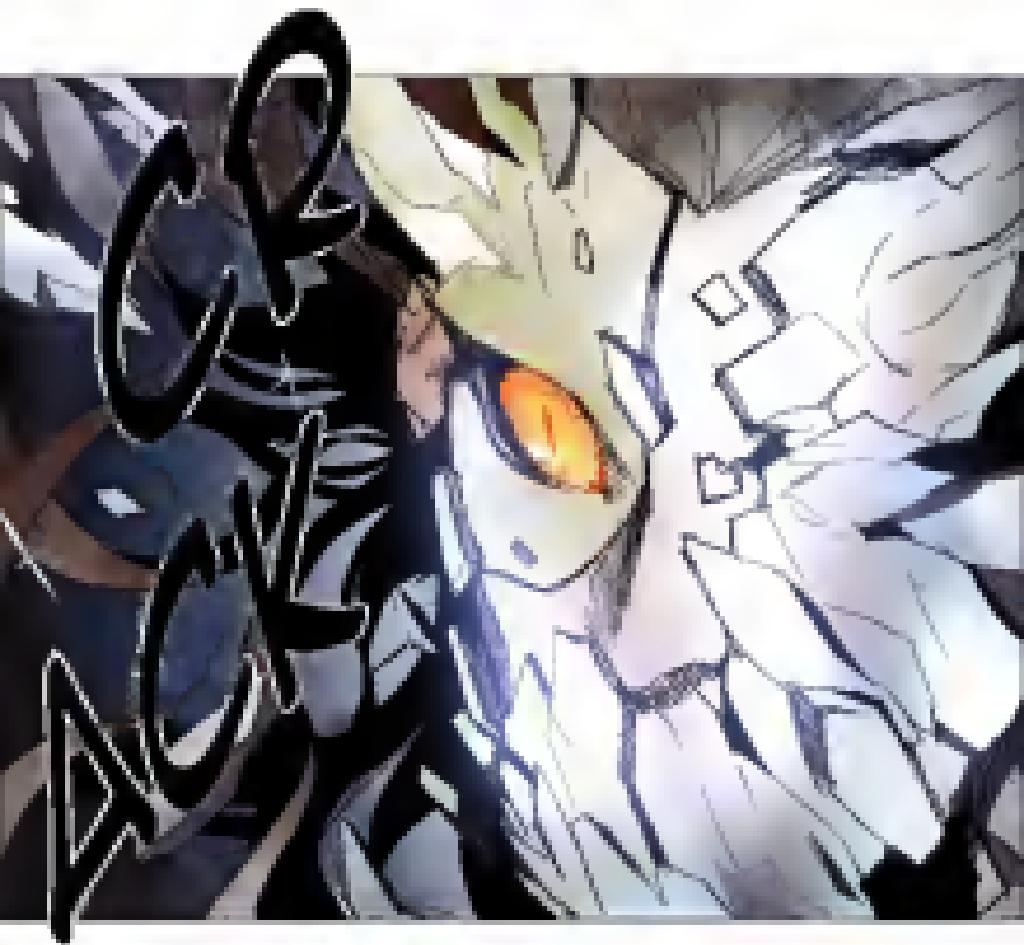


AOGHHHHHHHHH-!!











COULD KILL
THE GREAT
ARES?

YOU THOUGHT
A POWER
LIKE THIS...



THAT MIGHTY POWER
YOU HAVE. THE COLD
HEART CANNOT
COMPARE
TO THE POWER
THAT I HOLD.



NOT ONLY
THAT

BLURBLE

BURBLE

I HAVE RECEIVED
FROM DARK
LESSA IS...

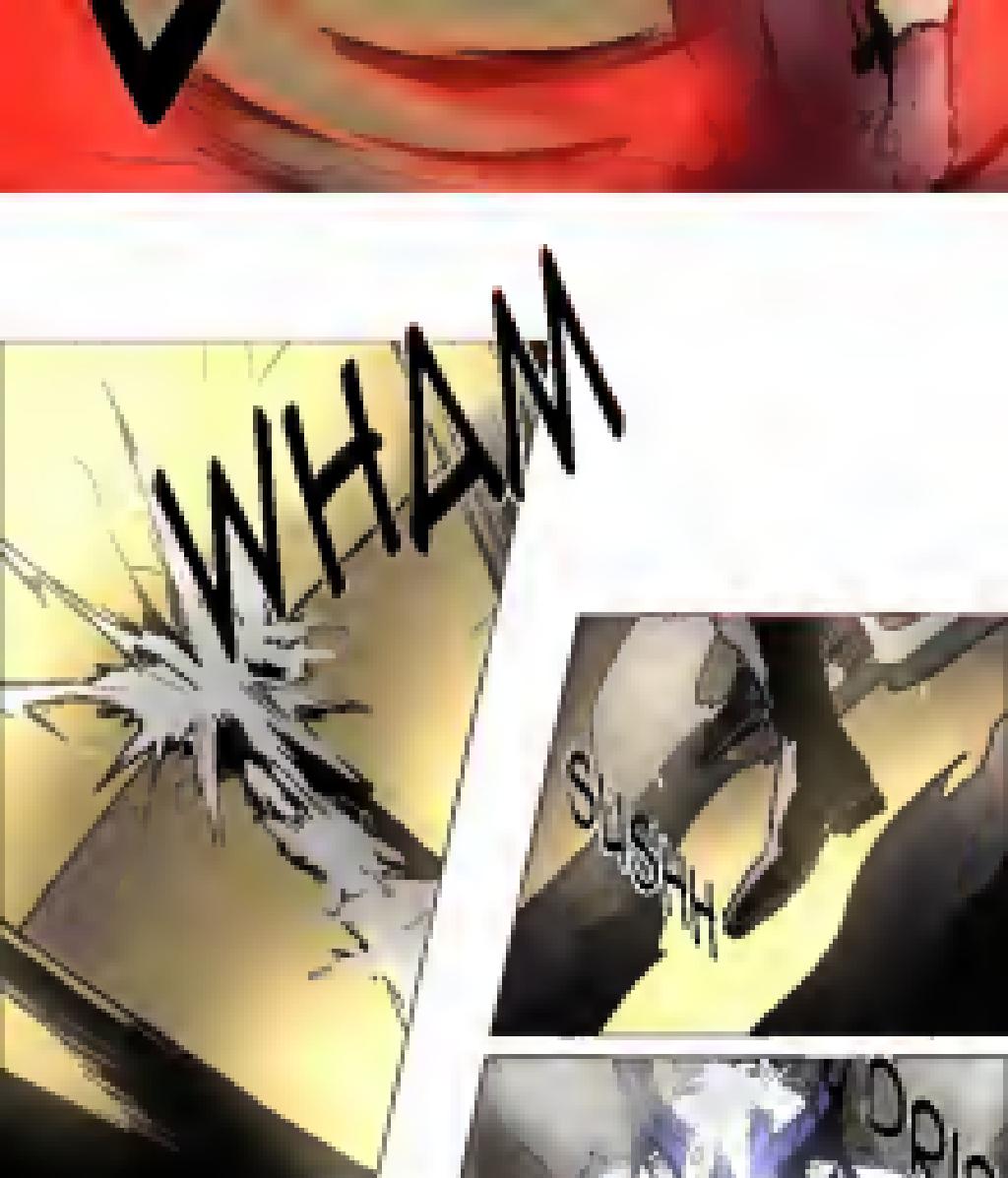
THIS POEM



EVEN WHEN
COMPARED TO YOU—
I AM MUCH MORE
SOLID.

EWOOOSH





SEVEN...
HORNS...



A close-up photograph of a hand wearing a dark, metallic ring. The ring features several sharp, upward-pointing spikes or thorns. A bright, glowing red light emanates from the tips of these spikes, casting a warm glow on the surrounding skin and the background. The background is dark and out of focus.

CROWN HORN

IT IS A POWER
CREATED TO
SUPPRESS YOU.



LOGO ARTIST





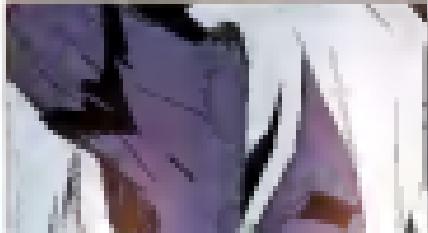
SO IT HAS
BEGUN.

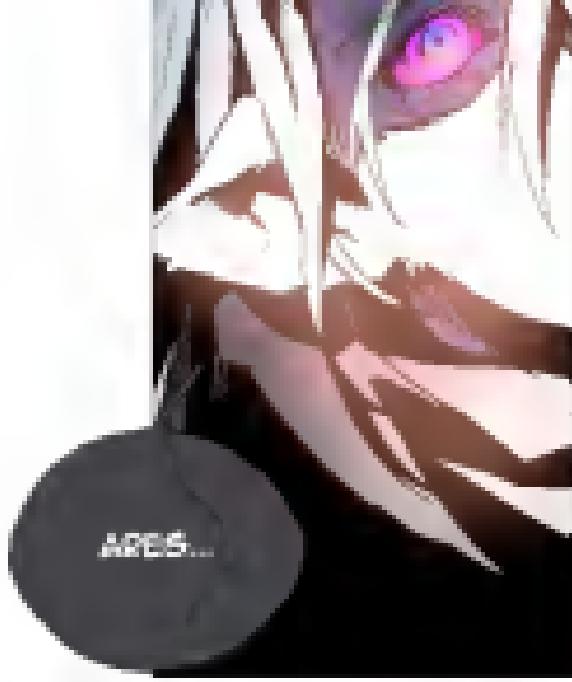
THEN AS YOU
WISH, LORD
ARES—

BECAUSE
GENERAL.



YOU ARE TO
SET SAIL WITH
THE ADMY
IT'S AN
ORDER.







SLASH



YOU
HAVE BECOME
THAT MONSTER
TO KILL ME?



FUJI... EVEN
THOUGH I HAVE THE
WILL OF FUTILITY, I AM
ONLY HUMAN... I WOULD
NEVER WIN AGAINST YOU.
THE ONLY WAY WAS
TO BORROW THE DARK
POWERS...

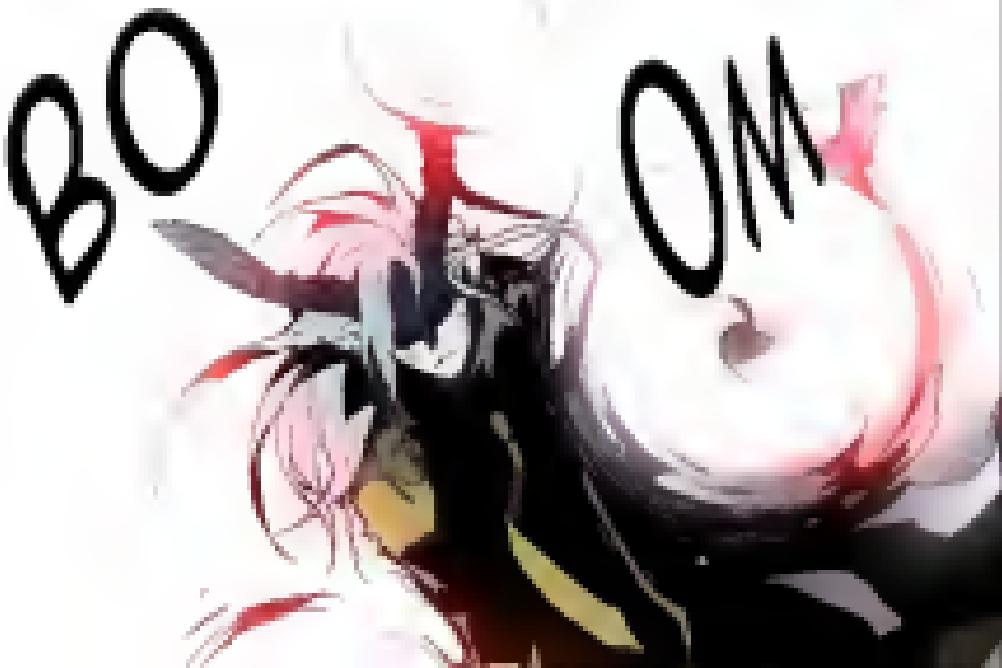
AND ATTAIN
THIS BODY
COMPARABLE
TO A GOD'S...

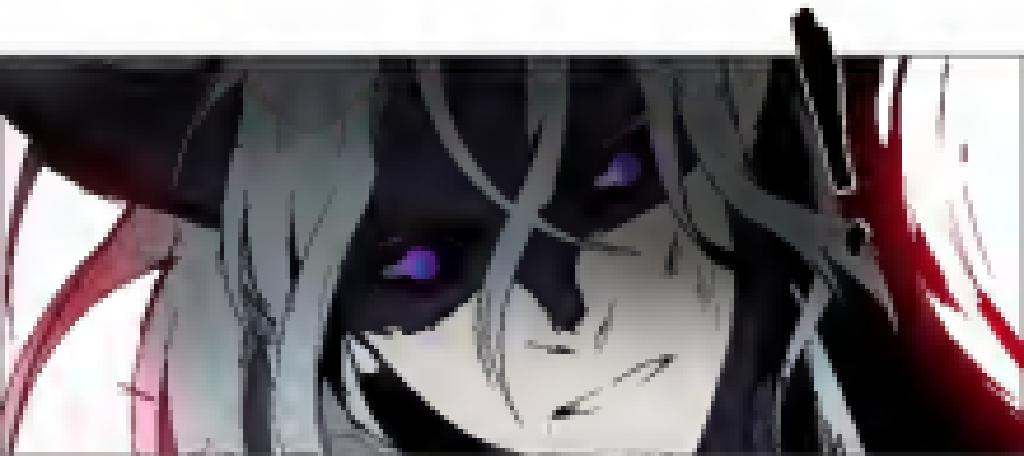


NOW YOU
ARE BUT A-

CRACK

PILE OF
ASHES.





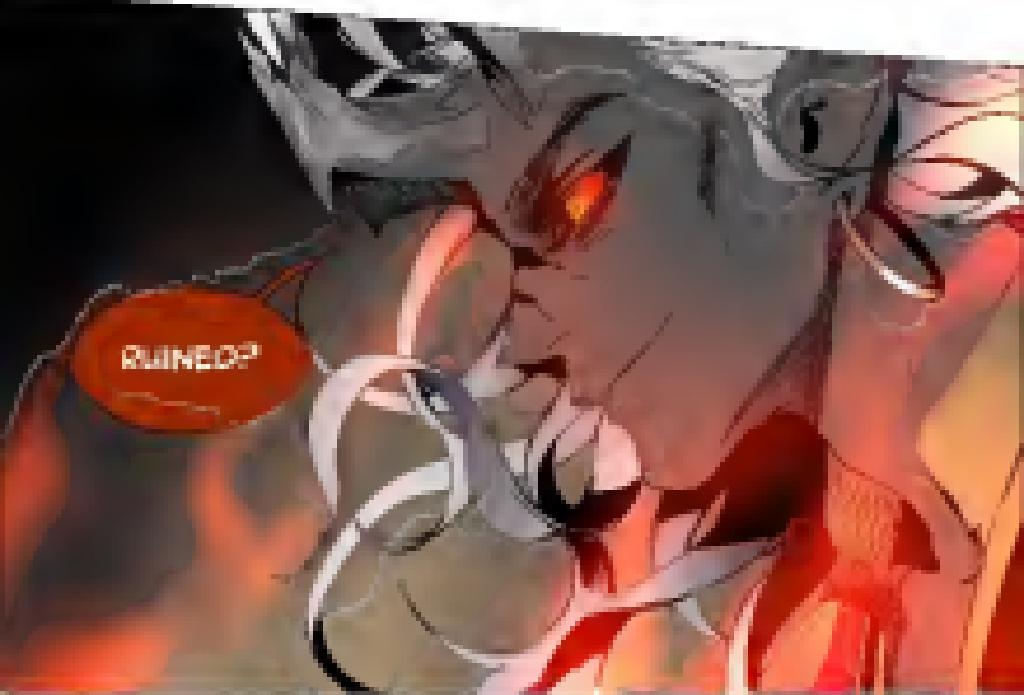
LUGH-

MY... YOU LET
YOUR GUARD DOWN.
YOU'RE STILL AS
CARELESS AS
YOU USED TO

IF YOU
WANT TO KILL ME,
WOULDN'T
THE SUN GOD
HIMSELF HAVE
TO COME?

ARCH...

SO WE ARE
DUNED IN
THE END.



LET ME
TELL YOU

THE MOMENT WE
TURNED OUR BACKS
ON EACH OTHER, THAT
SCENARIO HAD
ALREADY BEGUN.

WHOEVER'S
PLAN IT
MAY BE-



1000



SO WHAT
SHOULD I USE
TO TAKE CARE OF
THAT GIANT...?



THEY'RE ALL
NEW, IT'S A
GOOD CHANCE
TO TEST THEIR
PERFORMANCE.

HOLD



AWW,
LOOKS
GOOD.



THIS ONE..

K R O H K H



THE TIME HAS
FINALLY COME.



THE

A black and white photograph of a man from the chest up. He is wearing a dark suit jacket over a light-colored shirt. He is holding a long, thin-bladed knife with both hands, the blade pointing upwards and slightly to the right. His gaze is directed towards the viewer. In the upper left corner of the image, there is a red speech bubble containing text.

DAY FOR YOU
TO KILL YOUR
OWN MASTERS

I WILL BELIEVE
IT TO BE THE
RIGHT CHOICE

LESSON
THE CRIMSON KNIGHT